

CORY'S TIMELY CARTOON.  
VAIN REGRETS.



LOVERS' TROUBLES DIAGNOSED

All His Own Fault.  
Dear Mrs. Ayer:  
I am acquainted with a young lady, but through a misunderstanding we are now at odds. Although only partly at fault I am very desirous of again being on good terms with her.  
DETERMINED.  
O the main thing and write an apology to the lady. Assume all the fault as yours. The girl will know the truth and will understand thoroughly just where she was to blame, and she will like you all the better if you are generous enough to shoulder the responsibility of the trouble, whatever it was.  
Her Two Romances.  
Dear Mrs. Ayer:  
I am a young lady who is fortunate enough to have two romances. One is a young man to whom I consider myself engaged, but who is not steadily employed, although anxious and industrious, and for whom I have the most liking. My parents oppose any idea



HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

THE EVENING WORLD'S BIG LETTER CLUB.

"Equality of Bread and Butter."  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Everybody knows that when socialists refer to "equality" they mean economic equality—not physical or moral or intellectual equality. What we want is an equality of bread and butter, which is a perfectly reasonable and practical proposition.  
JOHN CONWAY.  
The Staten Island Tunnel.  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
From New York City to Staten Island in fifteen minutes and for three cents! This is an offer to our greater city. It appears that the Rapid Transit Commission does not approve of extending the tunnel to Richmond. The citizens of Staten Island should rise and demand their rights. Up to the present our Councilmen seem to have done nothing to greatly benefit the borough of Richmond. Why not extend the tunnel to Richmond Borough?  
THOMAS D. BRETHERTON.  
Bret but Strong.  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
I would send a man to State prison who extorters in public.  
E. H. JONES.  
The Three-Platoon Amendment.  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
In regard to the three-platoon amendment recently discussed in the columns of your paper, I must say that if such amendment is stricken from the revised charter the ends of justice will be defeated. The object of the gentlemen who had charge of this work was to better the conditions of the city. This talk of more expense to the city is all rot. If the details of this amendment were published the public could see for themselves that they are not being hoodwinked. INTERESTED PARTY.  
Thanks for Letter-Carrier.  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
I wish to express my thanks to Letter-Carrier William R. McGrath, of No. 47 East Seventy-ninth street, for his honesty in restoring a lost envelope containing \$242 in cash to my brother, B. G. Gilsen, No. 28 Market street, New York City.  
NEHEMIAH GITELSON.  
A New Word Coined.  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Many condemn the method adopted in "Funation." Aguinaldo did us even a new word in honor of the occasion. Our British "benevolent assimilating" brothers in war condemn it as a base, unwelcome act of vile treachery and deceit, unbecoming a civilized nation. They say that if they had performed such unwelcome actions, by functioning Kruger, Cronje, De Wet or Botha, the civilized world would have recoiled with indignation. However, future wars will lose their luster by the functioning process, and kidnapping has gained a point. Our

FOR HOME DRESSMAKERS.  
The Evening World's Daily Fashion Hint.



and Heart-Balm Suggested by Harriet Hubbard Ayer.

but as there is so much influence being used for me to marry him I ask you which to choose.  
A DOUBTFUL SWEETHEART.  
My heart is not deeply affected by either gentleman. It seems to me a girl who is sincerely in love with a man has no thought or care for any one else. Your parents are unquestionably right in opposing an engagement with a young man who has no means of supporting a wife.  
The right sort of man does not ask a girl to marry him until he can take care of her, modestly at least.  
When a young man asks a girl to place her life in his hands he should have something to give her besides the companionship of an idle, financially irresponsible youth.  
I should certainly dismiss all thought of marriage for the present. Give the anxious and industrious suitor an opportunity to show that he is capable of earning a livelihood. Your parents will probably withdraw their objections when he has proved his worth.

THE EVENING WORLD'S BIG LETTER CLUB.

trust magnates and millionaires must in future beware of the mendicants pleading at their doors for food, as they may be only functioning and forcibly kidnapping them to the woods.  
J. MCORMACK.  
The Wife Who Must Ask for Money.  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
The husband who humiliates his wife by compelling her to beg and crave from him the money required for the legitimate needs of herself and children is deserving of contempt. The average wife if given full charge of her husband's earnings can and will expend them to better advantage than he for their common use. There are extravagant spendthrift wives, but they are largely in the minority. Let the husband give his full confidence and his earnings to his wife from the date of their marriage until death separates them and I'll warrant that in nine cases out of ten they will live happily together and bring up their children to respect them. It is natural for a good woman to show respect for her well. Many a good wife has been spoiled by the neglect and neglectfulness of her husband.  
THOMAS USHER.  
New Brighton Needs Light.  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
I would like to express my views concerning the stretched electric light service rendered to the people of New Brighton. It is very annoying to have to walk along our handsome thoroughfares in a dim, total darkness. On a clear night when the moon shines brightly the lights burn brightly, and on a dark and foggy night as a rule the lights seem to be entirely extinguished, which is exasperating, to say the least.  
LONESOMEHURST.  
How One Man Would Live.  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
A reader asks what one would do if he had only a week to live. I would retire late and rise early every day. I would rise at 5 o'clock in the morning, then take a long walk, consisting of buttered toast, eggs and milk. I would then attend to my business affairs, the remainder of the morning, after which I would dine. After dinner I would read my books and then take another walk for about two hours and on returning would eat my supper. After supper I would go to a concert and on returning retire, which would be about 12 o'clock. This I would do each of the seven days.  
FRED DUERR.  
AS JOHNNY VIEWS IT.  
M is a vegetarian.  
D is a faith-courist.  
Little John, he says he's an Anti-Imperialist.  
Sister Sue's a Wagner crank.  
Brother Bill plays golf.  
Granpa tells us what he takes Fer to cure his cough.  
Cousin Jen writes poetry—Tells us what she's wrote—Brother Bill plays golf.  
Aunt Lavina always claims Women ought to vote.  
I go out in the back yard Soon as they commence.  
Me 'n my dog's th' only ones What's got any sense.  
—Baltimore American.

The World.  
Published by the Press Publishing Company, 63 to 65 PARK ROW, New York.  
Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Matter.  
A FAT MAN WHO LETS NO GRASS GROW UNDER HIS FLYING FEET.

Tom Johnson—not Thomas Johnson nor Mr. Johnson, but just Tom. You have only to look at him to know that his name is Tom, for the same reason that Eve gave when she named the dodo in Mark Twain's Garden of Eden. "Why dodo?" asked Adam. "Because it looks like a dodo," answered Eve. And this line of reasoning no doubt influenced Tom's mother when he was a fat, squawky, bald-headed, drooling baby waiting for a name to enable him to begin making himself famous.  
Nobody would ever think of "Thomasing" or "Mistering" Tom Johnson. As soon as you see him you recognize a long-lost brother, a bosom friend of the human race. He is as wide as he is long. And while he is not very long, it does not take a great deal of length to make an expansive showing when it is turned sideways. He has a big, stout hand—a "glad" hand. He has a great moon face that, unlike the other moon, never changes in its circled orb, but remains constant at a beaming and benevolent fulness. He has bright, keen, dancing eyes and a mouth that laughs, deep-bosomed in the valley of a pair of the chubbiest cheeks that ever swelled in mockery of melancholy. He has a sharp little nose that peeps from between those same cheeks as if it were saying: "What is it? What is going on there?"

Tom Johnson is as full of contradictions as a pine knot or a cork-lick.  
He is a fat man who has the jump and dash and staying power of the leanest jack-rabbit that ever made a streak of dark lightning on a sage-brush horizon.

He is a rich man who believes in rich men paying most of the taxes and in laws against large accumulations of wealth.  
He is a peace-loving man who lives by preference in an atmosphere of wrangling and turmoil and hurly-burly.  
He is a street-railway magnate who believes in and fights for three-cent fares and public ownership of street railways.  
He is a man absolutely without a sense of dignity and importance who is extremely dignified in the true meaning of that word and most important.

He is sentimental to the point of sitting in the starlight and wailing out the most languishing melodies about "Pretty maiden, do you love me true?" or "My heart drips tears of blood for thee." Yet he has a business sagacity so penetrating that he can see at a glance through a mass of figures that looks like the "pied" forms of a treatise on arithmetic.

They elected him Mayor of Cleveland the other day chiefly on his personality, which is a guarantee of honesty, shrewdness and government in the public interest.

Here is the way he took office. And it is typical of Tom Johnson:

He was elected on April Fool's Day—a huge April Fool's joke on the public plunderers of Cleveland. There is a custom in that city by which the Mayor-elect, "through courtesy," lets the existing Mayor hold office until April 10.

Mayor Farley was sitting in his office on Thursday at 10.23 A. M., surrounded by fishing tackle and preparing in leisure fashion to sign away the city's water-front to the Pennsylvania Railroad Company.

In popped fat, beaming Tom Johnson. "I've come to take possession," said he. "I'm Mayor."

Farley's jaw dropped and his lips fell open. And Tom soon convinced him. Brisk "hustling" had hastened the official report of the Board of Elections and had finished all the other legal formalities. Farley gathered up his fishing tackle and disappeared. Tom Johnson sank into the Mayor's chair, blew out a groat, happy sigh and winked at the unsigned ordinance, which scowled miserably back at him. If he had been twenty minutes later an injunction preventing Farley from signing would have expired and Farley could have signed.

Life will be gay, full of incident, well worth living while Tom Johnson is Mayor; for that little fringe of curls about the back of his head never has a chance to stand any other way but straight out until Tom Johnson presses it down upon his pillow at night—and he is a light and short sleeper.

WILLS AND INHERITANCES.

The contests in the courts of various wills disposing of large estates naturally suggest to many men the dubious consolation that, having "nothing to leave," there will be "nothing to quarrel over" when they die.

But having no money to bequeath, shall men therefore conclude that they will leave nothing behind them? Every child is an heir, and his inheritance is indefeasible.

First of all are the memories of his parents and home. If men and women could dictate to their lawyers what memories they shall leave behind them, how differently some of the records would read in so many cases!

"I give and bequeath to my dearly beloved wife and children a good name." Is not that a good start to a last will and testament? There is high authority for saying that it is "more to be desired than great riches." If one can leave both, so much the better; but happy memories and good fame are treasures that no heirs quarrel over.

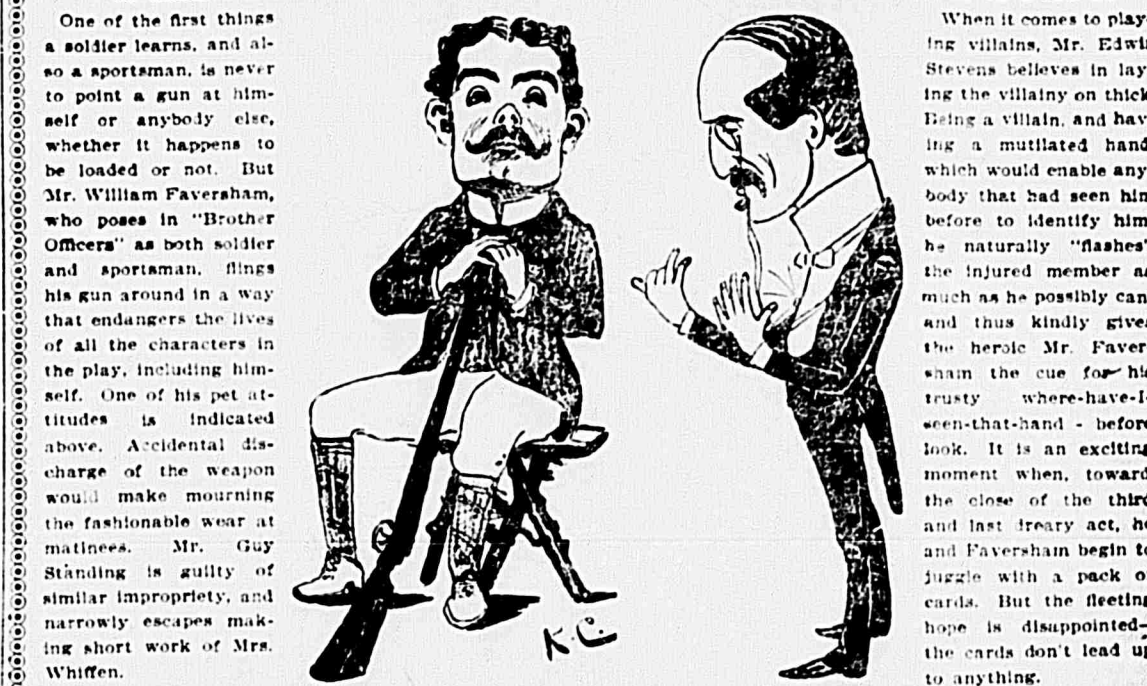
More direct and perhaps more practical inheritances are a Cheerful Temperament, Health, Good Habits, Sound Principles. These are bequests measurably within the gift of parents, and no one who shall bestow them upon children need think that he has "left nothing."

"BROTHER OFFICERS."  
AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE.  
REVIEWED BY KATE CAREW.



A GIRL WITH A FUTURE.  
Miss Margaret Anglin is the envy of every fat woman who finds her way to the Empire Theatre, for she possesses the priceless gift of lacking corporeal substance. As flexible as a strip of usually into Bernhardtian attitudes, which are highly becoming to her. In "Brother Officers" she has a stupid, wobbly part to play, but nothing can prevent her from being by far the most interesting person on the stage, and the recollection of her exquisite work in "Mrs. Dane's Defence" will prevent the well-wishers of the drama from being content until she is accorded the exalted position her rare gifts entitle her to.

A MAN WITH A GUN. A VILLAIN WITH A PAST.



NOVELTIES FOR HER WHITE THROAT.

DAINTY neckwear seems to grow more attractive as the days go by. Fancy a stock of ivory white taffeta, the outer turn-down collar edged with two rows of narrow gilt braids, flanked by rows of black stitching, with a conventional pattern of diamonds in black stitching on each side. The lower collar has a band of black satin, which is effectively stitched with white, and where the knot at the throat is tied two little ends of white silk, stitched with black and ornamented with gilt pendants, hang coquettishly away from the bows.  
A chef d'oeuvre in the way of stocks is of turquoise blue velvet and fine gold coutelle. Narrow bands of velvet span the throat, wired, of course, in order that each one may keep to its appointed place. These are also trimmed with the gold braid and fastened by diagonal rows of tiny gold buttons, while the jewel effect is completed by the thick studding of gold bands on the velvet. The gold buckle, which fastens the lowest band of velvet, is an open-leaf design and serves to hold in place the four ends of velvet. These are also ornamented with gold pendants.  
A SAFE BET.  
No man's inclined to flirt when he wears a fifteen collar Upon a sixteen shirt.  
USUAL THING.  
She: What are the colors of your football team?  
He: Black and blue.  
ABOUT THE SIZE OF IT.  
Little Willie: Say, pa, what does a politician do?  
Pa: The taxpayers, my son.